Look At Me

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Look At Me

by Outlawed_00

Summary

Will realises that he starts to feel something different for Hannibal and starts to notice things that he normally would not have noticed before. With the realisation he could possibly be falling for Hannibal, he begins to close himself off away from the other alpha.

Notes

If you have no seen the first one, I suggest reading Caged first! Please and thank you.

Now we get onto the story, so I might as well just make a few disclaimers. The picture is actually mine, and I don't own any of the characters. Please enjoy!

See the end of the work for more notes

Realisation

Six months had passed since the Gala. During that time, Hannibal had helped Will strengthen his wings and then he was soon flying. Will felt a bit more comfortable around Hannibal, although he didn't completely trust him in the slightest. In fact, he was still kind of angry that Hannibal had provoked him at the Gala.

Will had nearly gotten into a scuffle with the prince himself, and had it not been for Margot and Bev, he would have never made it out of that place alive. Although, the demon prince *did* seem to find amusement in Will's anger just as much as Hannibal did.

He hated to be apart of the fun for the two demons, but he later found out that he was the particular prince that didn't like what had happened to the angels. The *only* prince who didn't like what had happened to them since the others didn't care and thought they were more useful as slaves rather than dead. Still, he found that he didn't care for that prince anyway since he had been provoked.

One hundred percent of the blame went to Hannibal for even making him stay beside him the whole time he talked to the prince. Anyone would be salty about that.

Will watched the snow fall, seemingly interested in the little flakes through the window. He'd always detested the winter seasons because it used to put everything on hold. He guessed it still did, but there was nothing urgent to do anymore now that most angels were flightless.

The front door opened and Will looked over to see Hannibal walking inside. He was clearly tense, probably not a very good interaction with a client or something. But when Hannibal walked past him without greeting, Will began to get worried.

He got up, opting to follow after Hannibal, but then changing his mind. If Hannibal didn't want to be bothered, then he wouldn't bother him just in case Hannibal decided he'd had enough for the day and got angry. So when Hannibal came down the stairs dressed in a sweater and pretending nothing happened, Will almost felt very nervous about what was going on. It was that mask again, the one that he showed everyone -including Will.

"Good evening, Hannibal," Will said, watching how Hannibal's tail flicked slightly. Annoyance?

"Hello, Will," Hannibal said shortly, then Will knew something wasn't right. He watched as Hannibal passed by him again and squinted his eyes in suspicion.

Will suddenly noticed that he smelled different, then realised that Hannibal hadn't been in a rut ever since he'd gotten here and Will had already gone through two. He tilted his head, realising that this had happened at least once before where his mood had changed, just not this bad.

How long had Hannibal been on blockers? Will turned to watch him rummage around in one of his folders and studied his posture, noticing that Hannibal had almost completely masked

his frustration.

"Do you need something, Will?" Hannibal asked, startling Will. He froze and then looked away nervously.

"Uh- well, no," Will said slowly. "But you're tense today, did something happen?" He questioned.

"A client was just... extra pushy today," something about Hannibal's tone suggested it was an omega and Will frowned. Will shivered, feeling himself instinctively bracing for a fight as Hannibal only seemed to become more agitated. Was it because they had really made him angry, or because he was in the presence of another alpha?

Then, Will lunged forward out of instinct. There was a thought in the back of his head that was telling him not to, even when he saw that he was doing it and he couldn't stop. His teeth ached and when Hannibal pushed back, he noticed how the alpha's eyes were red.

Will could hear the growl in Hannibal's throat and he growled back, both of them tussling around almost angrily. He wasn't so easily overpowered by Hannibal this time around and when Hannibal went to push bite him, he pushed his head back down on the ground.

Both alphas jumped apart quickly, circling each other before lunging again. Will's wings spread out and Hannibal's horns would have pierced him had he not jumped above him.

When Hannibal shoved him to the wall, Will kicked and bit at him, growling. That sense of danger was creeping up his spine before Hannibal puffed out a breath. Hannibal was resisting his instincts?

"Will," Hannibal said, trying to calm the other alpha down through his anger. "Will, I'm not going to hurt you," but Will wasn't listening.

Hannibal didn't know what to do, and Will didn't even have the shock collar on, but now he was certainly seeing the appeal. He could feel the urge to bite Will again, stronger this time.

His instincts were telling him to kill the other alpha in front of him, but he knew that he couldn't just *kill* him because his instincts told him to. Hannibal pressed his hand to Will's throat, showing his fangs to the other alpha and swishing his tail out of irritation.

It was regretful that his blockers were not working this time.

"Will!" Hannibal shouted, finally breaking through the mask that Will always tried to see through. When Will stopped struggling out of fear, he froze with his eyes wide and still red. He breathed out a sigh of relief almost that Will had managed to stop clawing at him.

"I'm so sorry!" Will exclaimed quickly and Hannibal tilted his head at the angel.

"You are not at fault for giving in to your instincts, Will," Hannibal said, noticing how Will sniffed at his wrist. He let Will go and watched Will as he just stood there cautiously, licking his lips.

"I don't- you've been taking blockers," Will pointed out, squinting at Hannibal.

"I started taking them the day before you arrived. I figured it would make you more comfortable," Hannibal said, grateful that at least his blockers were still working -even if not fully.

"Or you could have just done what the rest did. I managed for eight years, I don't need your sympathy," Will snapped, suddenly angry. Hannibal's eyes narrowed before he cornered Will.

"You're an alpha, Will. I find it shameful to watch as other alphas have to cower to another alpha when they should be fighting back. As I said before, you're not animals or toys," Hannibal said, his voice almost a growl. Will could feel his instincts flaring up again before he forced them back down.

Will hadn't noticed just how delicious that Hannibal smelled until now, and he quivered beneath the taller alpha. He found himself leaning into Hannibal slightly and then he quickly slid past Hannibal, his heart racing quickly.

Hannibal watched Will curiously, the way the other alpha had leaned into him not slipping past him. What was Will thinking?

"It doesn't matter," Will said, his wings drawing inwards. "We are seen as animals by the majority of the demons that I've seen so far. I've survived eight years,"

"But barely," Hannibal pointed out. "You murdered Mason. I am quite aware of the situation in which you killed him, and although you told Chilton it was over an omega, that had only been a half truth,"

"Hannibal, please," Will warned, wanting to escape Hannibal's intoxicating scent. When Hannibal didn't speak, he escaped from the living area to get away from Hannibal so they didn't fight. His heart was racing quickly, more out of fear than anything at what Hannibal would do to him if he didn't leave. After all, they were both alphas and it was already dangerous enough when Will was in a rut.

He hid himself away inside of his room, looking out the window once more. Will's expression was one of longing, his eyes clouded over with sadness as he remembered the time where he used to just fly wherever he wanted to. Now that the angels were enslaved by the demons, he feared to think of what would happen if he was caught flying around.

When he'd had enough of looking out the window, he decided to read for the rest of the day, ignoring how hungry he was so he didn't have to run into Hannibal downstairs.

Later on throughout the week, Will started to fly away from Hannibal's home every so often during the day while Hannibal was at work. He didn't care about the cold or the snow, he just wanted a change in sights since he at least had freedom with Hannibal around, but just in case he would always be back by the time that Hannibal walked in through the door.

So far, he was sure that Hannibal didn't know he was going out and flying through the sky away from the manor. He found some interesting trailed through the wooded forest behind the house and he also found a few demon hunters. Not too far away, there was also a shed which he assumed also belonged to Hannibal, but he had never ventured inside of it. He had to admit that he was curious about it, but something about it threw him off and he always avoided going near it.

Today was different though, he didn't make it home by the time Hannibal came home because the demon came home early and Will was gone from the house. There was a different in his scent suggesting that he'd been gone for hours, but Hannibal didn't know where he could have gone.

He searched everywhere, even Will's room despite knowing that if he was in there, they might have had another fight. Most likely it *would* have been over "territory" even though the room was technically Hannibal's since he owned the place.

Will was gone.

While Hannibal searched the house, Will was far away from the property in the woods stalking a few hunters in the trees. They were demons, but they hadn't scented him yet so he just decided to follow after them to see what they were up to. It was a boy and his father, something familiar to Will from his youth when he went hunting and fishing with his own father.

"Dad, something's off," the little demon child said, his little tail flicking nervously. Will didn't know if the kid knew he was watching or if something was really off, but the more he paid attention, he realised that the kid was right and it wasn't him. The forest was completely silent, even for winter.

His wings puffed out and he felt the hair on the back of his neck stand on end, his raised his head. If he needed to, he would just fly off, but if something bad happened, he couldn't just leave the child to die, demon or not. But if he saved the child, then what would happen then?

If he saved the child and then they tried to kill him or rape him, then he'd most likely kill them and then there would have been no point. Will then shuttered, not at the cold but at his own thoughts. What was he thinking!?

Before Will could react, a large creature came out of the bushes. Will couldn't see what it was, but he did see it them moment it attacked the pair. Without thinking, Will flapped his wings and took off. There was no way he was going to help them fight it off, not after what they had done to every other angel out there.

Will could hear the boy's screams as he flew away back to Hannibal's home, saving that for later. It was as if something dark had taken over him in the spur of the moment and he couldn't help the grin on his face as he landed in Hannibal's garden. He folded his wings behind him and then entered the house, surprised that Hannibal was already home and *waiting* for him.

"Welcome home, Will," Hannibal said, one of his legs crossed over the other. "You have snow on your wings," he added.

"Oh... hey," Will said, avoiding his eyes.

"Might I ask where you were?" Hannibal questioned, standing up. Will's wings puffed out defensively as Hannibal neared him.

"I was out flying," Will said nervously. "I didn't know you'd be home early," he added.

"Will, you don't have to be scared. I was merely worried about you," Hannibal said.

Will almost didn't believe him with that brief flash of something he couldn't quite understand in his eyes. He was stopped in front of Will, they were almost touching. Then, he sniffed Will curiously, his eyes narrowing. Will's teeth suddenly ached when he caught a glimpse of Hannibal's neck, then he backed away before he was tempted to react to Hannibal's presence.

When Hannibal looked into Will's eyes, he found it hard to look away. "Good, you're not hurt," he said, turning away from Will. Will had never known Hannibal to turn his back on Will like that, but he didn't say anything about it.

"Of course I'm not hurt, why would you think I was hurt?" Will said, having the sneaking feeling that being "hurt" was not what he meant.

"If any other demon were to touch you, you'd tell me wouldn't you?" Hannibal questioned, sounding almost strangely possessive. Will rolled his eyes and his wings flared out.

"I would kill them if they did," he said defiantly, not knowing why he said that. Would he really? Hannibal turned to face him, amused at his response and Will -once again- felt uncomfortable with that, feeling as if Hannibal had expected that reaction out of him.

He wondered it if it was Hannibal that drew out the worst in him, that if it was being around Hannibal that made him feel more wild than he was before. Even before, Will had not been this defiant or stubborn or even *angry.*

Their was a small grin on Hannibal's face and he wanted to smack it off of him, finding it annoying how he could always be so smug about everything as if he knew everything that was going to happen. Maybe he *did* know everything that was going to happen, Will didn't know, but he did know that Hannibal was taunting him every so often to get some type of reaction.

Will almost wanted to force a different kind of reaction out of Hannibal, to see him with a flushed face and submissive. He shivered uncomfortably at that thought, immediately pushing it out of his head.

"I'm almost certain you will," Hannibal said, his Lithuanian accent sending shivers down Will's spine. He tilted his head at Hannibal.

"*I'm* certain that you *want* me to, Hannibal. Ever since I've gotten here, you've always wanted some type of reaction out of me," Will snapped, glaring at Hannibal. "Am I just your

entertainment because you were *lonely?*" He growled out, not knowing what came over him. He didn't want to keep being manipulated by Hannibal at every turn.

"Will," Hannibal suddenly warned. It was one of the only times that his tone ever changed, but Will immediately knew that this wasn't a top that the other alpha wanted to get on. Will suddenly averted his eyes, muttering under his breath. "Will, look at me," Hannibal said, walking up to Will again and then placed his hands on his shoulders. Unlike what Will would have done, he didn't freak out this time. "I said look at me, Will" -and he did- "You're not just entertainment to me, not just someone I find amusing, or convenient. Will, I'm trying to get you to stand up for yourself,"

Something lingered underneath the words he said, something he couldn't quite make out. He was sure that Hannibal was lying about something, but he didn't know what the demon was lying about. It was uncomfortable that he couldn't read Hannibal like he could other people, but something about Hannibal also appealed to him.

Will sucked in a breath and the spot where Hannibal's hands touched his shoulders nearly burned uncomfortably and he opened his mouth slightly, finding looking into Hannibal's eyes to be a bit uncomfortable. The reddish brown colour was almost imprinted in his mind and he didn't want to back away from Hannibal's grip just yet. He didn't know what to say. "Will?" Hannibal questioned, almost *concerned?*

He was snapped out of his trance, fidgeting uncomfortably. He just wanted Hannibal to stop touching him.

"Sorry, yeah," Will said, nodding.

"You've been held captive and abused for eight years, anyone in your position would be just as defensive," Hannibal said. "You offend me by associating me with those *other* demons. I just wish that you would see I only want the best for you Will,"

Was he serious about that? He felt like Hannibal was only saying that, but the sincerity in his voice told him otherwise. His heart rate quickened and he wondered what Hannibal's skin would feel like against his -not even sexually, just a kind touch that didn't harm him like the others that used to beat him.

Had he been brave enough, he would have reached out to touch Hannibal, but he didn't. Instead, he lightly ducked out of Hannibal's grip and moved away even though he enjoyed how gentle his touch was.

"It's felt like a really long time since someone's wanted the best for me," Will said, trying not to sound too bitter over that. "So excuse me if I don't want to believe it. Also -just so you know- I did run into two demons, or I almost did. I have the advantage so they didn't see me, if you're really that *worried,*" he added, his wings puffing out almost pridefully.

Hannibal sighed, and if he didn't always have that same stupid expression, he would probably look defeated. Did this man ever not have the same expression on his face?

"I would never know the feeling, I'm afraid," Hannibal said and Will cocked his head to the side. "Flying," he emphasised, and he realised that Hannibal wanted to change the subject. Will thought for a second before he quivered at his next thought, furrowing his brows thoughtfully. He could fly Hannibal around for a while, it's not like he couldn't, but he wasn't sure his wings were strong enough for that yet.

Then, he looked at his wings and flexed them slightly, wondering if he actually could pick Hannibal up and fly him around. "I could fly you?" Will suggested, his bright blue eyes shining. "There is nothing like flying and getting to feel the breeze between your feathers, but I suppose you won't *actually* get to experience that part," he frowned slightly, his brows furrowing.

"Interesting thought," Hannibal said, the faintest of smiles on his face. Will's heart swelled with pride as he saw Hannibal's smile aimed at him, his wings fluttering just a little. "Why do your wings do that?" Hannibal suddenly asked and Will furrowed his brows, seeing that he was displaying his wings happily. Will looked a little embarrassed and he stilled his wings.

"Uh, I-" Will cleared his throat. "I guess I do that when I'm happy," he shrugged nervously.

"You've been doing that a lot lately," Hannibal commented and then Will narrowed his eyes in suspicion. What did he mean by that? It was clear that Hannibal had been paying close attention to him, but he didn't know whether to comment on that or not.

"I guess that I have been pretty happy this past year," Will shrugged. "No one really comments on my wings, and you helped me get them stronger," he added, smiling. He hadn't realised it had almost been a year since his stay with Hannibal and when he said it, his reality finally sunk into him. Hannibal wasn't planning on letting him go anywhere or getting taken away, and it didn't seem to matter what he did either.

Will would have smiled, but then there as a knock on the door catching the both of them off guard. He looked over to Hannibal questioningly but Hannibal seemed just as lost as he did and went over to open the door.

There were three guards outside and an angel behind them, one Will didn't recognise. Will could only tell it was an angel because he had *one* golden wing behind him and angel omegas tended to smell more flowery than demon omegas. His eyes locked onto the omega's eyes and he backed away under the intense stare.

That angel was not a normal omega and clearly didn't know when to back down -probably the reason that the angel only had one wing. Will's wings ached at the thought and he backed away to let Hannibal deal with the demon guards the moment another alpha bared his fangs at Will.

He only waited for a few minutes before Hannibal came back with the angel, trying his best to ignore the glare coming from the other angel at Hannibal's side. Sure, the omega was defensive, but why against Will?

"Do you mind helping him out?" Hannibal asked Will, taking a mental note of his hesitance to reach out to his fellow angel. He studied the other angel but couldn't see that anything was

off about him, but Will looked startled by his presence and he wondered what the other alpha was thinking of.

"Yes," Will said quickly, his wings pulling in on himself as he matched the omega's glare almost viciously. "I don't trust him," he sounded almost bitter.

The angel was looking down at his feet when Hannibal looked over to him and it was clear that he was scared more of Hannibal than Will. Whatever Will was seeing wasn't what he was seeing in the omega and he couldn't read Will in the current moment. There was no reaction he wanted to gain from this because he couldn't see the results, he didn't want them near each other in the slightest, but he had to admit that he was curious to see what either of them would do if left alone.

Hannibal exhaled before moving aside from the angel, his tail flicking in irritation as he tried to think of what to do. He would be leaving Will with this task.

"I apologise, Will. You're going to have to take the angel and show him around, please give him a room as well. I am afraid that he is not comfortable with me," Hannibal said, watching as Will's eyes narrowed at him. Surely Will wouldn't actually harm an omega, but for now, he had to get back to the guards outside of the door and sign a few papers.

He hadn't been expecting the angel at all, so this came as a complete surprise. Hannibal also thought it was *rude* not to notify him that the angel would be in his car.

"Of course, Hannibal," Will said, gesturing for the other omega to follow. "Come with me?" He said nervously to the angel, it almost sounding more as a question than a command.

The golden winged angel followed after him silently and Will could feel the glare on his back, his alpha instincts wanting to make the omega submit to him . He could feel the challenge coming from the omega and he wasn't at all pleased with those circumstances.

Clearly, the angel wasn't brave enough to stand up to another alpha that was a demon, but he probably felt that he could get away with it if it was another angel in captivity. How the angel would be wrong later when something happened to him because Will was already thinking of things to do to the omega.

"Why do you look better off than the other angels I've seen in captivity?" The omega demanded once they were out of earshot of Hannibal. Will looked back as he continued walking up the stairs. "Your wings haven't even been clipped or broken and you seem *comfortable* with your situation," the omega didn't let up not one bit.

"Because Hannibal doesn't treat me like a slave. I'm not a stranger to the outside world and I could see how you could be suspicious of him, it's hard to believe for me and I've almost been here a year," Will said slowly, turning away from the omega. "So if you think that I'm some pampered angel, you're very ignorant to the things I have suffered as well as any other angel. If that's what you're angry about, you can stop," he added calmly, his own challenge to the omega as he opened up a room for the other angel.

The omega looked startled and almost terrified of how quickly that Will caught on, and he was sure that it wouldn't do him any good to say anything more so he stayed completely silent. "Would have me do anything?" He questioned softly.

"Start with your name?" Will suggested. "I don't have anything to call you," he added.

"I'm Ezekiel," the omega said, and Will eyed his only wing, grateful that Mason hadn't gotten to that point yet. He was sure that had his cuts stayed open any longer without any treatment, both of his wings would have been gone.

"Okay, well I guess I can let you tend to your wings or take a shower, either one. Hannibal will most likely want you down for dinner, so pick something out," Will said. "If you don't have anything in the room, you can borrow some of mine. They were fitted for an angel, but they might be a little big on you," he added.

Ezekiel nodded and then disappeared into the room, shutting the door behind him and Will walked down the stairs. He felt a little more calm now that he knew why the omega had been glaring at him, but he knew for a fact that the omega wasn't normal. If he had the courage to stare down an alpha, he would most likely have the courage to fight back against a demon if something had happened.

Maybe he would have to ask Hannibal about what had happened to the angel, *if* he even knew what happened. He seemed surprised to see another angel being sent to him, and he surely didn't look too pleased to see the angel.

When he walked down the stairs and saw Hannibal, the demon was still talking to the guards. Will shivered uncomfortably when he felt the gaze of the other demons on him, but he kept his head up as he walked over to Hannibal. Hannibal turned to him just a little and Will pulled his wings just a little closer to himself.

"The other angel has been settled. He's taking a shower at the moment," Will said, tempted to bare his fangs at the other demons when they looked just a little angered by his interruption.

"You should wait to speak until we've already spoken," the other demon growled, the scent of angry alpha filling Will's nose. Will whipped his head over to the other alpha, his wings puffing out and unfolding just a little to make himself look bigger and more threatening.

"I listen to my *master* and my *master* only," Will growled, baring his fangs in defiance.

"If you were mine I would knot you and force you to submit," The demon growled, eyes flashing black almost in amusement when Will flinched and moved back into Hannibal. That was enough to make Will lose his confidence and his head lower slightly out of fear and he felt disgusted when the other demon smirked. Hannibal's tail wrapped around Will's waist, pulling him closer and his eyes widened at the possessive display from the other alpha.

"And sadly, he is *not* yours, he is mine. Keep your eyes off of my angel," Hannibal said, a low growl in his throat to the smaller alpha. Will sucked in a breath at the feeling of being possessed by Hannibal, finding that he liked it more than he should have. His heart beat

quicker and he looked over to the other demon, not meeting Hannibal's gaze out of embarrassment.

"Sorry, didn't know you were the type that didn't like sharing," the alpha said. Will bristled again, feeling the need to defend Hannibal, but then Hannibal spoke before he had the chance to.

"If you have no more information on the angel, then you may leave," he said, dismissing the other demon.

The smaller demon looked startled, then they left.

When the demons left, Hannibal's tail disappeared from his waist and he could feel the fluffy tip of his tail tickle the side of his arm. "Why did you do that?" Will questioned cautiously and when Hannibal's eyes met his, he froze.

"Because I didn't like the way he looked at you," Hannibal said as a matter of fact and then Will noticed how *angry* he looked. His tail was twitching and he could see how his eyes were about to change to black, the smoky colour at the edge of his eyes fading slowly. "You shouldn't let them talk to you in that way," he added, looking at Will in the eyes.

Will's heart thudded in his chest and he could only watch as Hannibal walked off into the kitchen probably to prepare dinner. He shook his head, dismissing the dangerous feeling he got when Hannibal said that he as *his* angel and followed after him quickly to help prepare dinner.

Hannibal let him -unlike the other times- do most of the meal prep, but he watched over. Will was decent, having long gotten used to how Hannibal did these around the kitchen. There was only one thing he never understood, and it was the joy he got from watching him cook the food, as if he was doing something he normally wouldn't do but didn't know he was doing.

He could be getting the wrong vibes, but he was sure that Hannibal always looked smug when he was cooking and eating. When dinner was done, Hannibal was the one to set the table.

Will smelled Ezekiel long before he came down the stairs and tilted his head towards the angel, noting the unsure look on his face when he saw Hannibal setting the table. It was as if he couldn't believe that a demon and an angel could work together in harmony and he briefly wondered how young the angel actually was, he surely didn't look too old. Maybe a teenager at best, but if that was true, then he really didn't believe that demons and angels could work together.

Maybe he was eighteen? He was clearly an omega and people didn't usually start showing if they were omegas or betas until they were eighteen in angels. For demons, he was sure that they were younger by two years.

"Good, just in time," Hannibal said, his head lifting to look at Ezekiel. "Come sit," he said, gesturing the left himself and Ezekiel looked at him as if he'd grown an extra head, his eyes

wide and confused.

"I... eat with you?" Ezekiel questioned, his eyes narrowing. "I thought you meant cooking..." he stepped back uncomfortably and Will looked up to see that Ezekiel was staring at him.

"Oh, Hannibal would prefer to make his own meals," Will said, his eyes narrowing at Ezekiel slightly. The other angel looked highly uncomfortable and Will wasn't going to reassure him of anything, something inside of him almost enjoying watching the angel's suffering. Is this what Hannibal thought when he saw Will in uncomfortable situations?

"You're not an animal, Ezekiel," Hannibal said and Ezekiel shot another look at Will. Will shrugged and shook his head, knowing that the other angel meant his name.
What *did* Hannibal consider to be an animal, then?

"But if you really need to be commanded, *sit,*" Will said, not patient enough for this watching as Ezekiel's pupils dilated at him. When the omega sat without question, he noticed that Hannibal shot Will a curious look and then realised that he'd used his alpha voice and lowered his head just a little as he and Hannibal sat down. "Sorry," Will said awkwardly, but he didn't feel sorry.

"Tell us about yourself, Ezekiel," Hannibal said, using the same tone he had on Will. "Anything you like? Your life before the war?" He asked, clearly making the omega uncomfortable.

"Nothing worth mentioning unless you want to here how the orphanage was," Ezekiel snorted almost defiantly.

Even Hannibal couldn't resist the irritation that stabbed at the back of him that told him to make the omega submit. He'd never had an omega back talk him before and he was tempted to crush the omega for his rudeness, but he refrained since they were eating. How old was the kid anyway?

"How old are you?" Will asked, confused.

"I'm twenty," Ezekiel said, eyeing the food on his plate accusingly. Hannibal's lip twitched, wondering why both angels had felt the need to check if it was poisoned or not. Then, he took a bite, his eyes shining at the taste but not making any comment.

Will noticed that Hannibal looked a bit prideful and hummed to himself as he also took a bite. He hadn't made the food this time, so he doubted that it was because he made the food. Then, Will had a weird thought that it could be because he had done it correctly without help. Something was wrong with the situation, but he prompted to ignore it this time.

Every so often, he could feel Ezekiel looking up at him but every time he looked up, he was just eating silently. "So... why don't you treat us like every other angel?" Ezekiel suddenly asked. "You-"

"Will," Will he offered to Ezekiel.

"*Will* looks to be in better shape than any of the angels that I have seen so far and he's an *alpha,*" Ezekiel said and Will's eyes narrowed at the implication of what that meant. "All I'm saying is that every other demon before you hasn't been so kind, not even the omegas," he added.

Will also looked over to Hannibal, his eyes narrowing and then suddenly the demon felt as if he was being cornered by two angels and he sighed, his shoulders loosening. He looked over both of the angels before answering. "I don't tolerate barbaric behaviour and the way my kind has acted have been less than distasteful," Hannibal said, his eyes narrowing.

At that, Will noticed that darkness in his eyes clearer than he'd ever seen it and knew he was telling the truth but he didn't understand what that meant. Whatever that meant to Hannibal, it wasn't good for anyone else, more importantly, *his own kind.* Now he understood who the danger was for, and it wasn't for him or any other angel, it was for the people that Hannibal considered rude.

It was clear that Hannibal didn't care who your were, demon or angel, male or female, alpha, beta, or omega. Anyone Hannibal considered unworthy... what? What did that danger mean to Hannibal and what did it symbol for the people that it was aimed after.

He shivered, remembering the angry look aimed towards that other demon that talked down on Will and he realised it was the first time he had ever seen Hannibal angry with his eyes turning black.

When dinner was over, Will showed Ezekiel around the manor and then watched as he retreated to the room after finding out that Hannibal didn't have anything for him to do. The poor kid was probably confused since he most likely never had anything he didn't have to do if he was a child in the orphanage. This was probably so much different from anything he had ever had in his whole life and Will almost felt bad for him.

Will helped Hannibal clean silently and then he hid away in his room for the night.

"Hannibal," Will growled, unhappy with the current predicament. Both he and Ezekiel were with Hannibal while he was about to meet with a "friend" at a restaurant. His friend had insisted Hannibal bring his angels since they were the only two at home, but Will didn't understand why he had to come. "I *really* don't like this," he whispered to Hannibal, uncomfortable.

"I am aware that you don't, but also think of this as an opportunity to do something nice," Hannibal said and Will frowned even more.

"Please tell me he's not an alpha," Will said, tilting his head.

"He's a beta," Hannibal confirmed, half tempted to roll his eyes at Will.

Ezekiel hadn't said a word yet, but he looked like he wanted to. Still, he was probably just as disgruntled as Will was about the idea even though he didn't show it as much as Will did.

Then again, Ezekiel probably didn't *want* to talk back to Hannibal, but he doubted that fear was the reason.

Quietly, they got out of Hannibal's Bentley and Will couldn't believe that Hannibal was eating something that *wasn't* his cooking. He didn't even think that Hannibal would even be able to do something like that with how he acted when it came to dinner.

Honestly, Will was more afraid to meet the other angel rather than the demon considering how Ezekiel reacted to him when he noticed that he was perfectly fine and there wasn't a scratch on him. Will found himself curious of Hannibal's "friend", wondering if he was one of the few demons who took care of their angels, or what kind of job that he did.

When they went inside, Will could smell the food and then wondered what kind of place this was. Just by looking inside, this place was expensive and it was something he would have never been able to afford even before the war. It could have been that Hannibal had picked out the place, or that his friend was also wealthy, but when they arrived at the table he concluded that Hannibal had chosen this place.

This man was some kind of agent or detective and his badge was on the table. The angel by his side was someone that Will recognised as none other than Jack Crawford, an FBI agent from before when Will used to help out with crimes.

"Hey, Hannibal," the agent said, waving to him. He looked tired and defeated, probably from a case? Then, the demon's eyes trailed over to Will and Ezekiel and he tensed under his gaze. "Wow, he looks exactly as you mentioned him. I'm surprised that when I told you that Jack knew a Will you said that he fit the description,"

Hannibal gestured for Will and Ezekiel to sit as he sat in front of his friend and Will couldn't stop staring at Jack, his head tilted.

"Jack?" Will was surprised, his wings puffing out slightly. "I haven't seen you in forever," he said quietly.

"You look well for someone that killed his former master almost a year ago," Jack said, his white wings folded behind him. It as clear that his wings had never been clipped or broken. He noticed Jack looking at Ezekiel's wings and couldn't help but wince at how battered his last wing looked.

"So you still found yourself in law enforcement," Will sighed.

"Yes, but I admit that sometimes I miss having your unique mind in helping find the killer," Jack said, looking over to his master who was in a conversation with Hannibal.

Will could hear something about a serial killer targeting other demons and even some angels, even though the angels were not seen as victims by the majority. He frowned when he also heard that some of their organs had been missing and he tilted his head.

"No, Jack," Will said shaking his head. "I'm not doing that anymore -haven't for years," his wings drew in on themselves when he saw the defeat in the older alpha's eyes.

"You were an officer?" Ezekiel questioned Will, surprised.

"No, not really," Will said, shaking his head. "I didn't pass the screening and even still, they drafted me into the military, so I never understood. I only consulted," he informed him, looking away from them.

Then he noticed that Hannibal and his friend were staring at him intensely and he flinched, blinking at them in confusion. Will would have bared his fangs had it not been for the waiter dropping by to ask for their orders.

Will found himself to be not so hungry and decided not to get anything as he could still feel the question hanging in the air.

"So, will he do it?" Hannibal's friend asked him.

"Do what?" Will demanded, frowning. He could see the warning in the beta's eyes and tried to stop himself from baring his fangs. Will studied his ID and frowned at "Jonah".

"Help on the case," Jonah said, staring at him.

"No," Will denied, looking away. "I failed the screening before, and even though I was in the military, I was only allowed to lead, not carry a weapon," he said, no wishing he'd gotten food when the waiter returned.

"Failed the screening?" Jonah was shocked and Will stopped the sneer threatening to form on his face. He'd seen that look many times associating him with the killers that these types of people caught and he didn't like it not one bit. His agitation was quickly showing.

"Yes," Will ground out. "I don't *want* to help you because I'm not interested," but what he didn't finish out was that he wasn't interested in losing himself inside of another mind that wasn't his own. He was used to not being able to read Hannibal that it was calming in his mind, but Jonah was anything but calm. He was suffering from insomnia, something that Will was very familiar with. "And no offence, but I'm not keen on being used as a tool to help with an investigation that could ruin me. I'm not anyone's *pet,* slave or not," and those words almost came out as a dangerous growl.

It was like Jonah had never experienced such defiance from an angel, but he looked amazed at his display of dominance over his life and looked over to Hannibal. Will saw that Hannibal had a prideful look on his face.

"I told you, he's recovering steadily," Hannibal said, taking a sip of his wine. Will could feel Hannibal's tail near his leg and hid a small smile at the feeling of the fluffy part against his ankle. "He's much better off than when he was brought to me," he added and when Will looked over, Ezekiel was staring at him.

The omega leaned in closer to him and he looked a little confused. "You know your eyes are almost glowing, right?" He told Will and his eyes widened as the omega wiggled his brows at Will. "You like being praised by Hannibal, don't ya?" it sounded mocking, not playful.

He wasn't expecting Ezekiel to see right through him, but the thought of liking it when Hannibal talked about him with pride shot through him like an arrow. Hannibal was clearly his weak spot, but for a completely different reason other than the fact that he found himself thinking about Hannibal often. Nearly everyday, he had some type of thought about Hannibal and immediately tried to forget about it since they were both alphas.

Will met Jack's eyes and noticed the look in his eyes, one that he could almost describe as disappointment and he realised that the demons hadn't noticed, but the two angels had and they weren't pleased. He drew his wings closer to his back and tensed, feeling anxiety prickle at him when he looked over to Hannibal.

What was he thinking? Why did Hannibal make him feel so great?

He decided to shake it off and pretend that it didn't happen, but he couldn't help but feel intense under the stares of the other two angels.

Mine

Chapter Notes

> Forgot to add notes AND update the date. Really, I am such a space cadet. I hope you enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It had finally been a year since Will had arrived at Hannibal's home and he couldn't help but feel that it was almost impossible back then that he had even been here a year ago. This life in front of him seemed so far away, if he'd ever get it back, and he had Hannibal and Margot to thank for his life now. *Maybe* even Mason Verger.

Although, the only thing he could consider to be terrible was Ezekiel constantly tormenting him when Hannibal wasn't around. He had caught onto things about him the he himself hadn't even noticed and drew questions about his feelings towards Hannibal, even going so far as to say that he was disgraceful for going after a *demon,* let alone another *alpha.*

Ezekiel would say to him that he should be going after an omega, and one within his own species and then Will snapped back a question that had the omega snarling at him and the fight didn't end well.

It even happened at the worst of times when *Hannibal* came home, opening the door to see Ezekiel pinned under him and struggling to escape Will as he bared his fangs at the omega. The stranger thing is that Will noticed that his instincts were almost nonexistent when it came to the omega, as if he'd gotten so used to ignoring them that it didn't matter anymore.

To Hannibal, it didn't seem like a fight but more like Will trying to claim the omega, and he wasn't too happy with that thought. Not only that, when he smelled the air and noticed that it wasn't Will in rut or the omega in heat, he quickly realised what was going on and separated the two.

"Will, Ezekiel," Hannibal said, not at all happy with the situation. Both angels tensed under Hannibal's stare, but Will could see the mocking flash of eyes from Ezekiel and he growled. "Will, enough. I don't need the to of you tearing up the living room. If you must fight, go *outside,"* he told them sternly.

"He just attacked me for no reason," Ezekiel lied, crossing his arms.

"You were being *annoying,* Ezekiel," Will snapped.

"Oh really? Maybe you should tell him *exactly* what happened other than I was "being annoying", Will," Ezekiel taunted.

"*Enough,*" Hannibal's alpha voice was terrifying, and it got Ezekiel to quiet down, but it sent shivers down Will's spine as he tried and failed to ignore the instincts telling him to bare his fangs in retaliation. It seemed that another alpha telling him what to do still didn't bode well for him. Hannibal froze at the direct defiance from Will, something that he wasn't attempting to provoke from Will.

When Will realise he had bared his fangs at Hannibal, he turned his head away and realised that he still feared punishment even though he hadn't been punished in the year that he'd been here.

"Please separate, I don't want to see you two near each other for the rest of the day," Hannibal said, his eyes narrowed at the both of them. He would rather not have to replace furniture because an alpha got angry at an omega.

Ezekiel shouldered past Will and Hannibal saw it clearly this time, not commenting on it and just watching them curiously. He saw Ezekiel whisper something to him and Will's eyes narrow angrily with a look of disgust or disbelief on his face.

When the other alpha stood and watched the omega trail up the stairs, Hannibal opted to walk up to Will's side. His presence was comforting and calming to Will, but when Will realised that, he moved away.

"I'm sorry," Will said, avoiding Hannibal's gaze.

"It is quite alright," Hannibal said, waving it off. "But if I may ask, what did he say to you?" Will glared at him.

"Nothing," he said calmly, "he's just trying to provoke a reaction out me and he succeeded."

Will was lying, but Hannibal didn't know about what and he didn't have time to ask him because the angel had already disappeared outside and flew off without another word to him. He facial expression looked almost startled as he was flying away from the house and Hannibal had half the mind to go after him and demand what had made the two of them start fighting.

He turned and went into the kitchen to prepare for dinner, ignoring the briefest sting that he felt as Will ignored him. Hannibal knew it would take a while before he was good again, but he was worried that Will might find trouble while off flying.

It was hours before Will came back and he'd even missed dinner, but whether that was on purpose, Hannibal wasn't entirely sure. Maybe Will was avoiding Ezekiel, but Hannibal also had the feeling that Will could possibly be avoiding him as well. He waited for Will, and when the angel finally returned, he noticed that he was a bit winded and that his pupils were dilated and red. He looked *angry.*

Hannibal could smell another demon on him, but when he went to question it, the scent of another alpha that *wasn't* Will's scent hit him. Anger flooded through Hannibal and he tried to stop Will from moving any further, his hand grabbing Will's arm.

"Will, what have you done? What happened? Are you hurt?" Hannibal questioned. He could smell blood, but he didn't know if it was Will's or not.

"Hannibal, let go," Will growled, turning to him with an angry expression.

"I'm going to need you to talk to me, Will. I'm afraid I cannot let you go back up the stairs like *that,*" Hannibal said, shaking his head. Will was shaking and he hoped that no one had touched *his* angel.

"Someone attacked me," Will said, his eyes changing from red to their normal blue. He was getting calmer, that was good. "He didn't see my face, but it's fine now," he added. Had Hannibal been normal, he would be alarmed at the fact that Will was attacked by another alpha, but the fact he smelled blood and yet Will wasn't bleeding also said that the other alpha may possibly be dead. He *knew* that Will had done something, but he asked anyway.

"Where is he? I need to know what you did," Hannibal said.

"He left," Will replied calmly, his wings tense. Lie.

"Don't lie to me, Will," Hannibal demanded.

"He's *gone,*" Will snapped, escaping Hannibal and leaving him to go up to his room.

Will awoke to the smell of omega everywhere and he realised that Ezekiel was in heat. It was the weekend, so him and Hannibal would both be there throughout the day, but the smell was so strong it was enough to send him into a rut. It would also be enough to send Hannibal into a rut and they would fight, he knew that they would but he wasn't interested in fighting Hannibal over an omega. He couldn't shake off his annoyance at the inconvenience of the omega, and when he left his room, he could see Hannibal at the stairs, also curious as to what he was smelling.

They both stared at each other and then looked towards the door, hearing whimpers escaping from the room. Will turned towards the stairs to quickly escape the situation, his heart racing and his instincts urging him to go back towards the omega in heat. He felt hot all over and he unbuttoned the top button on his shirt, jumping down the last few sets of stairs.

"Will," he heard Hannibal's voice and then looked up. Hannibal also looked affected and Will suddenly felt jealous that Ezekiel could affect him like this, omega or not.

"I'm leaving," Will said, feeling the urge to lunge at the other alpha. He could smell Hannibal and it wasn't going to end well for the both of them if one of them didn't leave and he was sure that Hannibal would last longer than him. "I can't- I *can't* be here. We're going to kill each other, Hannibal," he added harshly.

Hannibal froze, then pondered the outcome. His own instincts were screaming at him to fight Will off because of a simple omega, but Will looked worse off than him. The other alpha's face was flushed and his posture was a bit rigid, he looked like he would attack him at any moment. "I am aware, but what if you get hurt again?" He pointed out, making Will pause.

"You're worried about me getting hurt, rather than *you* hurting me over a stupid omega in heat?" Will snapped, freezing at the dangerous warning look in Hannibal's eyes. He shivered, feeling *aroused* by the harsh look.

"I would rather it be me than someone else because you're *mine,*" Hannibal growled, and Will was sure that was his instincts talking. The fact that Hannibal was claiming him made him happy, but the growl urged Will to lunge at Hannibal. Will stood closer to Hannibal, making his wings spread out threateningly to make himself look bigger.

Will sucked in a breath and he grabbed Hannibal, leading him outside and escaping the scent of omega. "Then *we* are going for a fly," Will said, stopping in the middle of the garden and turning towards Hannibal. "Your choice because I'm not having you around that *omega.* You're mine for as long as I can have you," he avoided Hannibal's questioning gaze.

"Sure," Hannibal said, allowing Will to come behind him and grab him. Will flapped his wings and lifted off carefully, knowing he wouldn't drop Hannibal but fearing it anyway.

He could smell Hannibal and found it more comforting now that they were away from the omega, and Hannibal didn't look as bothered by the omega's smell because they were flying away from the scent. Will started with a slow glide over the forest and he could feel how tense Hannibal was, smirking at the thought of Hannibal being scared of flying.

"Afraid of *flying,* Hannibal? Or you afraid my arms are going to slip and I will drop you?" Will teased, mimicking the action of dropping Hannibal and watching as he glared up at Will, un-amused by the current situation.

"If angels can do this, then why didn't they think of this tactic during the war?" Hannibal *grumbled.* Will felt his heart flutter at the cute expression on Hannibal's face and then realised what he was thinking. "If you could have done this, the majority of the demons wouldn't survive looking at the ground from this height," he added.

"Aw, cute," Will commented. "But no, we wouldn't have gotten close enough, not to mention some demons have spiked tails, some with sharp ends. I'm just glad yours is fluffy, also, it looks soft and sometimes I was to touch it," he admitted.

Hannibal laughed, amused by his admission and it took a second for Will's brain to register. He was beautiful when he laughed, and Will felt like smiling himself, carrying them to a spot he had found months ago when he first starting to fly. He landed and Hannibal sighed in relief once they were out of the sky, looking around the clearing. It smelt much like Will, suggesting the comes here often.

It was beautiful and Hannibal almost wondered how he had never found this place before and looked over Will curiously. Although, there was something on his mind at the moment and he wanted to ask what Will meant by claiming him. It didn't even seem like Will had noticed he said it. He was also curious as to what Will thought of the other angel.

"Will, why do you dislike Ezekiel," Hannibal questioned. Will did a double-take, thinking before answering.

"Because there is something wrong about him. He's not a normal omega and he's not afraid to stand up to an alpha," Will admitted. "I don't even know anything about him before he arrived here," he added.

"He burned his last master's house down and hung up his master's children from a tree," Hannibal said, startling Will. "I was tasked to be his guardian and he is technically on lock. I have to take him everywhere with me, but I wont take him to my job. I have less than stable patients and don't need to get Ezekiel interacting with them," he added.

Will's eyes were wide in alarm and the thought of the omega being bold enough to do such a thing. Sure, he'd heard of omega killers, but it was extremely rare in society that omegas became killers. Then again, he supposed that everything was possible in the day and age they lived in since demons pressured even the strongest alphas into submission -he was sure the opposite could happen with the omegas.

His worry was clear to Hannibal, and although he would like to comfort him, he wasn't sure that Will would let him. Will had a really perceptive nature, and he was sure that it went deeper than that, but he wasn't sure on how perceptive the angel really was. Hannibal had often had a professional curiosity about Will since learning that he had failed the screening into getting into the FBI. As Jack had put it, he wanted to know exactly what type of "crazy" Will was, although he didn't believe that Will was crazy.

"So? Is there anything that you've noticed?" Will questioned, looking over to Hannibal. For the first time, he noticed how Will's eyes seemed to reflect everything that he saw. The trees, the sky...

"Not much, he does a good job at hiding it. But recently you two have been fighting so I figured he was trying things when I wasn't looking," Hannibal said, raising a brow. Will's face suddenly turned really red and Hannibal's eyes narrowed as Will's wings fluttered adorably. He was embarrassed.

"I- well, *no*. That was for something else," Will said, frowning and looking away from Hannibal nervously. The reason for that was because of Hannibal himself and the fact that Ezekiel had noticed sooner than he did that he was starting to react to Hannibal in ways that angels did to their lovers.

He could easily throw that off as not having anyone take care of him or care about him in eight years while he was abused by Mason. Will found that he wanted and yearned for Hannibal to touch him, to hold him, and it didn't take long for that to become something he never knew he needed. Even before being enslaved, he wanted to be touched and cared for by someone.

In many ways, that defied his alpha characteristics even though his alpha ego often ignored his longing. Will wanted Hannibal in any way he could get him, and now the only thing in between the two of them was the darkness inside of Hannibal and the little omega threatening to ruin Will.

"He was using it against me," Will shrugged, finding it annoying how he couldn't bring himself to tell Hannibal what was really going on. He just didn't want to risk being humiliate.

They were both alphas and alphas together were taboo.

"I'm afraid you've lost me," Hannibal said and Will looked over to him.

"No, I've given you as much information as needed. But Ezekiel has had it out for me since the moment we met, and he's taken every chance to prove that he is willing to retaliate against me. Maybe it's because I'm one of his kind, but also an alpha, or maybe he's..." Will wasn't going to say it. He wasn't going to make the omega into a monster with just a few words even though it was probably true. He also wasn't going to let Hannibal know how much he could get inside of another person's mind and thoughts.

He was sure that the only person he couldn't read was Hannibal and he liked that about Hannibal. It also made Hannibal a challenge that he found worthy of testing the limits for. Will *wanted* to test the limits on how far he could get with Hannibal, although he was sure that Hannibal did the same to him.

Way too many times has Hannibal manipulated him into doing things for a result that mostly always ended in violence. It wasn't good that he was a psychiatrist either because he was afraid of being psychoanalysed. He was glad that Hannibal had refrained from doing so.

"I am not going back there for a while," Will sighed, leaning back against a tree in the clearing. "I can't stand the smell of an omega in heat," he added.

"Maybe that's because of your instincts. For a while you were punished for following your instincts," Hannibal said and Will sighed, rolling his eyes as he thought that Hannibal was going into that psychiatrist mindset that he usually did with people.

"You're doing that thing again," Will commented, closing his eyes.

"What thing?" Hannibal questioned.

"You know, that thing psychiatrists do. The thing where you dig up a problem that most likely is the cause for the way you live your life," Will said, humming to himself. "You do it a lot in the middle of conversations. All the time, actually. With your friends, with me, with Ezekiel," he listed, trying to think. "Actually you probably do it more to me than anyone else and you *do* have a way with words. You can be very persuasive when you want to be," he added as he opened his eyes to look over at Hannibal.

"I do apologise if that is the case," Hannibal said, knowing full well that what Will was saying was true. He found an equal in Will, even though Will was supposed to be under him in society, there was something about him that Hannibal considered to be equal. Maybe it was because he was another alpha and he knew that he couldn't break him easily.

"I don't believe you're actually apologising to me," Will stated, his eyes blank as he stared at Hannibal. "Why apologise when you're going to continue doing it anyway? I know you think that I am probably interesting because of my unique way of doing things. You like getting reactions and I'm not going to be in the way of that. I'm sure you will find some way to get a reaction out of me, no matter how you do it," he sighed.

Hannibal smiled at him and Will's heart fluttered at the brief shine in his eyes and then looked away again. If he kept on smiling like that, he was sure to get a reaction anyway, even if he wasn't showing his reactions out in the open. So when he noticed Hannibal's tail curling at the tip, he got curious as to what that meant and then watched as he swished it gently across the ground. When he looked up, Hannibal looked content and he could also see that his expression was something he couldn't read, but it wasn't dangerous. It as comforting in a way, and it was also a bit adorable to look at.

He realised that the demon almost looked love-struck, but threw the idea off as stupid. Sometimes he wished that he could read Hannibal like he could everyone else, but then thought that it was more fun to be with him as they were now.

Will was the one that *felt* love-struck, probably even looked it sometimes but the demon never seemed to notice the smaller things that he did that Ezekiel had been pointed out for a while now. If he did, then he probably didn't comment on it and didn't know what they meant.

"You are correct," Hannibal admitted. "If I gave in on you now, then the fun would be over too soon. Although, I'm sure I could find something else to occupy my time when I'm free," he added, shooting a wink in Will's direction. The angel stiffened, but it wasn't out of fear at the implication that Hannibal shot at him that he didn't seem to get -it was because Hannibal winked at him. His heart raced and his wings puffed out slightly, he as sure his eyes were glowing slightly as well, but Hannibal didn't seem to notice and if he did, he didn't comment.

Will couldn't believe that he had gotten so lucky to have Hannibal as a master after his last one and the other demons he had ever ran into. Even the one from yesterday when he had been assaulted. He knew that Hannibal hadn't forgotten about it because the question still lingered in the air around the both of them, but it wasn't pleasant.

"That demon yesterday," Will started, his wings drawing inwards to himself. It caught Hannibal's attention almost immediately and his eyes narrowed dangerously. "He pulled my wings and demanded where my master was," he shrugged.

"What else did he do, Will?" Hannibal questioned, a dark edge to his tone. He shivered, his wings quivering under his tone and then Hannibal moved closer to him, standing above him and Will could tell he was angry. Those eyes were slowly trying to turn their way into a black, inky, empty colour. He stood, backing away from the demon but Hannibal didn't look like he cared. "Did he touch you anywhere else?" He demanded.

Will thought back to the instance, a growl forming low in his throat -Hannibal not making his anger any better as he neared him. He hadn't thought about it since he'd came back, but when he remembered what happened he felt afraid that he would be punished.

The demon had been angry that he was around without his master and then shoved him against a tree. He could almost feel how close the demon's fangs had been to his neck and when he moved, they had sunk into his shoulder painfully. Will shoved his coat off calmly and unbuttoned his shirt, ignoring how Hannibal had paused at seeing him strip out of his jacket and shirt.

"He tried to mark me and when I moved he got my shoulder instead," Will said calmly, his eyes blank as he remembered what he'd done to the demon in return. His teeth still ached to bite at the memory of tearing the demon's throat out. "It's fine, though, they're gone," he shrugged, his wings drawn in close and as stiff as his posture. Hannibal sucked in a breath, his eyes black when he eyed the mark on Will's shoulder.

"What did you do?" Hannibal questioned calmly, licking his lips. They were really close now and Will could feel Hannibal's breath on his face, and it should have startled him but it didn't. Instead, he wanted to reach out and touch Hannibal's face and look into those black eyes. He could Hannibal's fingers tracing over the bite mark on his shoulder and he couldn't help but wish that it Hannibal's mark instead. "If you had been caught, you would have been taken again. So what did you?" Hannibal's hands constricted on his shoulder almost painfully.

"I-" Will paused, wincing slightly when Hannibal didn't seem to let up. His licked his teeth, then let out a shaky breath. "Will I get punished?" He asked.

"I wont punish you, Will," he confirmed.

He braced himself, his wings fluttering in distress. "I killed him," Will said, tensing. "I don't know- I mean, I gave into my instincts," Will said, licking his canines nervously. Hannibal caught the implication, his own teeth aching at the thought of Will biting into the flesh of the other demon. He was moulding into something wild and beautiful and Hannibal if he pushed enough, he would finally get what he was searching for out of Will.

"Tell me how," Hannibal demanded calmly and Will let out a breath he didn't know he'd been holding. There was that darkness again, showing itself to Will as clear as day and he couldn't help feeling that he should be afraid when he wasn't. Instead, Will felt spurred on by the darkness inside of Hannibal, baring his fangs to the other alpha.

"I sank my fangs into his neck and tore out his throat," Will growled, his eyes flashing a dark colour- much different from the bright blue colour they flashed when he was happy and content. "Then I- I... I displayed him in the woods further away from where I killed him. I stripped him of his clothes and hung him where everyone could see him," he said, shivering.

Hannibal's eyes were back to that maroon colour that was almost startling, but it was as if he was almost proud of what Will had done. Hell, maybe Hannibal *was* proud of what he'd done. All Will knew was that he wasn't in trouble and that Hannibal wasn't going to punish him for what he'd done.

Whoever said that all angels were saints had always been wrong. Not even demons killed others in such a way that Will had hung the demon.

Before Will knew it, Hannibal had leaned forward and nose at the bite mark on his shoulder before his fangs rested over the other teeth marks. Will shivered, and even though he knew Hannibal wouldn't, he still felt scared at the same time he wanted it to be *Hannibal's* mark.

"Bite me," Will suddenly whined, his voice coming out almost needy. It was different than a sexual kind of whine, almost pleading. "Mark me, so that everyone knows," Will growled and Hannibal did, his own mark covering the other one from the demon that Will had killed. He

stilled, holding onto Hannibal and then feeling confused when Hannibal licked the wound. No other alpha had done such a thing, but it was enough to draw the slightest purr from Will.

Something felt so wrong about being marked by another alpha- it was dangerous. It was seen as taboo by everyone, but they never said anything about it. In some countries, it was outlawed and anyone caught was punished or killed. When Hannibal finally moved away from his shoulder, he felt aroused at the sight of blood on Hannibal's lips. It was another one of those times where he was feeling things for Hannibal that he shouldn't be feeling.

There was a light sting on his shoulder where Hannibal had bit him, and he found Hannibal to have been far more gentle than the other -almost like he was giving Will a mating mark. Hannibal held him possessively and he looked to be praising Will instead of thinking of scolding him. Will sucked in a breath, his eyes glowing slightly brighter than what they were when he was angry just a few seconds ago.

"I'm sorry I don't know-" Will's eyes were wide and his ears were red with embarrassment.

"I'm afraid that I should be the one apologising," Hannibal said, tracing his fingers over the bite mark. The thought of another alpha having marked Will at all made him angry and he couldn't help but give into his instincts just this once. Will looked delicious standing in front of him with no shirt on, wearing the mark that Hannibal had just branded him with. The sight of the other bite still made Hannibal possessive and before he knew it, he felt the need to scent Will so that everyone would know not to mess with him. "I shouldn't have done that, I don't know what came over me," he added after a few seconds.

Will shivered, backing away from Hannibal. "What are we going to do about Ezekiel?" Will suddenly asked. "We can't go back for now," and they both knew it. Hannibal looked thoughtful for a few seconds while Will put his shirt one, then his jacket.

"I have a place in the city that we can stay at," and Will probably figured that it wasn't just *any* apartment. "We could stay there for a week until the omega is calm," Hannibal ended.

The thought of being near the city had Will second guess the plan, though. He would be around a lot more alphas and maybe even some more sadistic omegas of the other species and it didn't sound pleasant. Will sucked in a breath, his hesitance obvious. "I... sure," Will said nervously.

"I won't let anything happen to you," Hannibal said, his voice soothing to Will. Will nodded, then spread his wings.

"I could fly you?" Will snickered, noticing the hesitant look in Hannibal's eyes; however, he still met Will's silent challenge.

"Sure, I trust you not to drop me," Hannibal said. Will rolled his eyes, then wrapped his arms around Hannibal despite the brief pain in his shoulder. "You wont drop me, will you?" Hannibal suddenly added the question after they were already in the sky.

"Hannibal, if I was going to drop you, you would have been in the forest already. I promise I wont drop you, so tell me where to go," Will said, sighing. This time as he held onto Hannibal, he was paying more attention to how fit the doctor was. A small noise of appreciation escaped Will as he held Hannibal close to him. He let Hannibal guide him, and after a while of flying, he noticed Hannibal was more relaxed than before.

Will smiled just a little, and once they reached the city, they did receive weird looks and hateful looks at the fact that Will was flying Hannibal. He noticed how other demons eyed him and how some angels looked at him with awe.

This wasn't the first time he'd been to the city. Like he said, he displayed here not too long ago.

While Hannibal led him to his place in the city, they ended up coming up to the place where the alpha demon's body had been displayed. Cops, forensics, and detective swarmed the scene and it was taped off.

"Did you enjoy the flight, Hannibal?" Will teased quietly as they passed to other demons. Hannibal rose a brow at him.

"I did," Hannibal admitted, watching Will curiously. There was definitely a question in those beautiful eyes of his, and Will had to look away to resist telling him about that crime scene. "Maybe you'd be interested in hearing about my detective friend's recent cases. I heard you were quite interested when you were free. A new murder appeared a few weeks ago," he hummed, and they stopped at a very expensive looking place.

It was definitely a hotel, one of the best places in the city- Will was sure of it. He looked over at Hannibal in questioned but he was already walking inside and gesturing for Will to follow. When they did, it didn't take long for Will to realise that Hannibal *owned* this hotel.

With the people coming up to greet Hannibal, he was surprised that none of them even batted an eye at Will. Although he couldn't say the same for some of the demons renting out the rooms.

He felt uncomfortable as he walked with Hannibal to the elevator. His place was the whole top floor- which kind of made sense for Hannibal. That thought did little to distract him from the hungry gazes of the other demons and he felt a bit trapped, still holding his head high as he walked beside Hannibal. Still, he didn't feel right just trying to hide behind Hannibal like he normally would.

When they made it to the top floor, Will finally let out a breath and sighed nervously. The whole top floor was literally like a condo more than it was a hotel, he's never been to a place like this even when he was free. It was unthinkable with his budget.

"Make yourself at home, Will," Hannibal said, eyeing Will uncomfortably. Will could feel the hairs on the back of his neck standing at the dangerous look that Hannibal had on his face.

"If you have a question, please say it," Will suddenly snapped, his wings folding in behind him.

"Is that where you displayed him?" He asked, the tip of his tail curling. When Will went quiet, Hannibal smiled slightly. "I wonder how it looked," he mused.

"Why does this not bother you?" Will asked, narrowing his eyes at the demon. "It should bother you, it's murder," he added nervously. When Hannibal looked him in the eyes, Will wanted to look away but he didn't.

"He touched what was mine," Hannibal said, but how he said it made Will shiver. He would have been angry -should have been angry- had it come from anyone other than Hannibal. "I don't like sharing, and I hope you'd have realised that by now," he added, a slight smirk on his face.

"What about Ezekiel?" Will questioned, studying Hannibal's expression. He noticed his expression changed but before he could think on it, the expression was gone. He was sure that the look was somewhere in between disgust and something he wasn't entirely sure of. "I'm going to take that reaction as a no," Will chuckled. "You looked disgusted, maybe offended," he added, shrugging his shoulders.

Hannibal rolled his eyes at Will, and it was the first time he'd seen Hannibal do that to someone. Will fought back a grin threatening to form on his face before turning around and studying his surroundings. The window looked over the horizon and he was sure that it looked beautiful at the end of the day since it was still morning and the sun was the opposite of the way the window was facing.

He never heard Hannibal walk beside him- didn't know that Hannibal was beside him until his felt Hannibal's tail brush up against his leg. Will flinched slightly, peering at Hannibal curiously to see Hannibal staring at him almost expectantly. There as a nervous feeling in Will's stomach, making him feel almost nauseous when he saw Hannibal staring at him.

Maybe it was Hannibal's eyes, or the darkness within him, but he seemed to be looking straight through Will's soul and it didn't feel right. This was the first time he'd ever felt like Hannibal was hunting him or dangerous towards him and he didn't like it, his flight or fight responses nearly kicking in at Hannibal's presence.

If he told Hannibal to stop staring at him, he feared that Hannibal would do something, but that look is gone as soon as it appeared and Will finds himself more on edge than before because now he was alone with Hannibal. He thought that maybe he'd imagined it, but when he looked back at Hannibal, he realised that he was already walking away.

"Do you think I'd be possessive over Ezekiel, Will?" Hannibal asked, looking back at him. It was as if Hannibal was back to normal and Will was now convinced that he'd imagined it. Will rolled his eyes at the question, although he was sure that he wouldn't be possessive over Ezekiel. "I'm going to have to say that I am only curious about you, Will. Your command in the war was very strange and you might have been the most perceptive, if it hadn't of been for that last battle the demons would have lost. I'm curious that you've failed screening and they wouldn't allow you to battle, but even more of your life before," Hannibal admitted.

Will leaned away from Hannibal and then sighed. "I haven't thought of my life before the war very often," Will admitted, shrugging his shoulders. "Never really got the chance to when I

was taking knots," he said it so casually that Hannibal couldn't help but feel just a little disgusted at the thought. When Hannibal looked back at Will, he was sitting on the couch again and picking at his nails.

"So what was your life like before?" Hannibal questioned. Will shook his head.

"It was a long time ago, I don't really want to think about it," he said, but there nothing in his tone to suggest any hostility towards the topic. The only thing suggesting he didn't want to talk about it as his reluctance to look back at Hannibal and the slight tension in his wings.

Shortly after, Will heard Hannibal's footsteps going towards the kitchen and sighed, leaning his head back. He closed his eyes, falling asleep long before Hannibal came back to tell him food as done.

When Will woke up, he was in a room covered up on a bed. He didn't remember getting there, but he knows that he must have fallen asleep on the couch because that was the last place that he remembered being. Slowly, he sat up and then puffed out a breath.

He left the room and tilted his head, noticing that he as hungry now. Had Hannibal cooked last night? He didn't remember eating, but he might have slept before dinner and he was sure that Hannibal wouldn't be too happy about that. Then again, Hannibal might not actually care if he'd fallen asleep before dinner, probably couldn't wake Will up anyway once he was asleep.

Hannibal was downstairs with breakfast already made and when he noticed Will, there was the slightest smile in greeting on his face. "Good morning, Will. Did you sleep well?" He asked, setting down the last plate.

"Yeah..." Will said awkwardly and Hannibal almost looked a bit disbelieving. "Sorry I fell asleep before dinner," he apologised, walking to the table. Hannibal shook his head, almost a bit too understanding.

"You were tired. It makes sense because you *did* fly me all the way here," Hannibal said, gesturing for him to sit. "What was left over of last night's dinner went to some of the staff so none of it would go to waste," he added. When he thought about it, his wings were aching just a little bit, as were his shoulders. It had been the most he'd flown in years, and even before that he'd never carried someone. "Did you have a bad dream? You were fighting in your sleep, although I don't think you remember it judging by your answer a second ago,"

Will sighed, his wings fluffing out slightly. He'd always had nightmares, especially since he was an empath and before when Jack used him to track down killers, he would become lost in them. That feeling hadn't happened or came back until recently since he'd killed that demon.

He shook his head, then sighed. What could he have dreamed about? The one thing he was thankful for was Hannibal because Hannibal might have been the only person who didn't invade his head with emotions.

"I used to have them all the time," Will said, shrugging his shoulders. "I haven't had one in a while, but I suppose I just don't remember the dream. Did I do anything or say anything weird in my sleep?" He asked, studying Hannibal's expressions carefully. He wasn't sure if he knew what face Hannibal made when he was lying since he seemed to have the same expression whenever he spoke.

"Not anything that I could decipher," Hannibal admitted and Will sighed.

"Good, I guess," Will muttered.

They started eating and once they were done, Will cleaned up the dishes and cleaned the table. Hannibal looked like he wanted to say something, but he never said it out loud.

Will didn't want to relax, he suddenly felt the need to do more work but the place was spotless. There was nothing for him to clean and there was also nothing for him to make, or fix. One part of him wished that he would have taken up Jack's offer to help with the case they were having trouble on, but he didn't want to go back to that.

It would consume him like it did last time, except maybe even destroy what was left of himself in the process and that wasn't something he was looking forward to. He already lost a piece of himself when he killed that demon, he could still feel it floating around in his mind in the back. Something in him changed since he'd been held captive as a slave and he wasn't aware until he took it too far.

Every time he remembered the moment, he could feel the adrenaline rushing through him and his fingers tingled. When he thought about it, he realised he was dependant on chaos to support him and keep him rooted to the ground.

Maybe it wasn't too late to just keep his head down and listen, but Hannibal seemed keen on making him dance on his toes and stay alert. Everything Hannibal did kept him on edge or constantly thinking of different things rather than trying to stay alive by keeping his head down. It was what he loved about Hannibal, that he could just keep him sane for a little while longer.

"You look lost in thought," Hannibal's voice cut through his remaining thoughts and he turned around only a little towards Hannibal. "Mind telling me what's on your mind?" Hannibal questioned, earning a half-hearted glare from Will.

"Nothing much," Will said.

"I don't think you've realised that you have been cleaning the windows nonstop for an hour. The *same* spot for an hour," Hannibal pointed out. When he looked to his hands, he realised that Hannibal was right and that he had been cleaning the same spot for a while now. In fact, he didn't remember grabbing the cleaning supplies or the fact that he'd started to clean the windows.

"Great, now I'm behaving like a frustrated omega," Will rolled his eyes and then stopped. "I want to see the crime scene pictured from the case that Jack was talking about," Will said, catching Hannibal's attention.

"Then would you want me to ask Jack and-"

"No," Will said quickly. "I don't want him to know anything. I was just curious," he sighed, his shoulders slumping.

"I have another friend in the field. I could get the pictures from them if you don't mind. No one has to know that I will be giving them to you," Hannibal said.

"Sure, but you don't have to," Will said.

"It's no problem at all," Hannibal said.

The situation that Will found himself in was strange, very strange. Normally Hannibal was a bit more calm, but there was something in Hannibal's eyes that didn't define the darkness he'd seen a few times lurking inside of him. The expression on Hannibal didn't match anything that Will had ever seen before.

Anything he said to Hannibal would probably add something else to be wary of for Will, but he was sure that Hannibal knew at least something about the case. Maybe there was something about the case that affected Hannibal in some type of way?

Before Will could decipher Hannibal's expression, it was gone and he was left with the memory of that expression that would probably soon fade. Now, Hannibal looked like he was about to say something, but then thought against it.

"You were adamant on not helping out or looking," Hannibal commented instead. Will knew that wasn't what Hannibal had originally planned on saying to him. "What made you change your mind?"

"Boredom," Will said. "I feel even more trapped than when I was made to do things for Mason. I feel *lost* and the boredom is making me do things I would have never done before," he added quickly. If he didn't stop now, he would keep talking and then he would be telling Hannibal how it felt to finally kill someone so brutally and hang them up as a decoration. Then his fingers tingled and twitched at the thought and he could feel it in his shoulder. A scowl made its way to his face and he turned to Hannibal to see that he looked curious. "I can't even explain how it was before, I just want to do it at my own pace so I don't lose myself," he sighed, trying to relax.

"What do you mean by lose yourself?"

"I mean that I don't want to get lost in a mind that isn't my own,"

"So you can put yourself in a killer's shoes?"

"No...- yes, well... yes," there was a silence between the two of them and Hannibal looked to be considering something. "Well, not to say I put myself in your shoes. I can't read you at all. You're the first person that I have ever been *sane* around, you're hard to read," Will said. That was still odd to him, but he enjoyed it and found comfort in it since he never got that luxury anywhere else.

"Then I suspect you've never gotten much sleep even before your time in captivity," Hannibal said, more to himself than Will. But that was true, they both knew what empathy disorders did to people. "How often do you sleep?" He questioned.

Will was going to lie and say he always slept, but that was the farthest from the truth. During his stay with Hannibal he had slept better, but he still found himself with added problems of being held captive and beaten down and raped for eight years.

Instead, Will shrugged. He couldn't find it in himself to lie to Hannibal and he knew that if he did, Hannibal would eventually find out about his awful sleeping habits anyway. Maybe he *could* lie, but he didn't want to risk the consequences that came with lying to Hannibal.

"Will?" Hannibal questioned.

"Every other night, really. Whenever my brain lets me sleep," Will admitted, not thinking too much of it. "I sleep better than I used to, which is saying a lot. I'm lucky to get this much sleep," he added, but what he didn't say was that sometimes when he slept, he would dream of Hannibal. He's been dreaming of the darkness he's only caught glimpses of inside of Hannibal, but those dreams have been changing recently.

"If you really have a hard time sleeping, I could suggest-"

"-No," Will interrupted, ignoring the briefly annoyed look from Hannibal. "I'm fine," he huffed. "I don't need anything to help me sleep, and you're *not* my psychiatrist, so don't act like it,"

Hannibal was surprised in Will's reaction. There seemed to be a pattern in Will's moods, and he only got angry when he prodded into something personal. Will didn't seem to respond positively to people caring for him or looking out for his best interests. Whether that was a result of slavery or just how he was wired, Hannibal wasn't sure. "Of course," Hannibal finally said after the pause.

Will sighed, his wings lowering. "The last time I took something, I got violent. They give me night terrors and they make me hallucinate," he said, looking over to the side. "I told you, I've been sleeping better since being with you - like how I used to sleep before being in captivity," and that statement alone confirmed that Will have never really slept good.

It was alarming that he couldn't take anything for sleep, but he supposed that there was nothing you could really do for that. Will looked a bit upset, but it as barely noticeable and the only response to that was a bit too concerned for Hannibal's taste.

When nothing else was said, Will sighed in relief and walked over to the door, looking confused on whether or not he should leave the room. Then, he looked over to Hannibal, his wings puffing out behind him.

"Can you... can you walk out with me? I don't want to cause trouble, and I also don't want to get caught walking without my *Alpha*," the way Will said it wasn't completely disgusted. It was also just a bit teasing, sending the slightest shiver down Hannibal's spine. The brat was doing it on purpose. Will opened the door, not waiting for Hannibal to follow him.

He walked after Will anyway, exasperated. What did Will even want to do out in the city? Was he a city person?

Chapter End Notes

So next chapter is under editing. I hope you can wait because I can hardly wait to start working on the big to one! I'm so giddy about it since this is my first attempt at Hannigram!

Conclusion

Chapter Notes

Okay, so I know it has been a while, but I hope you enjoy the new update!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will was clearly a lot more confident when Hannibal was around, and he didn't shy away from the glares the other alphas gave him either. He was well behaved, although he *did* lash out when he saw mistreated omegas and alphas of his kind being raped in public. Even to Hannibal it was unsightly and he hated it just as much as Will did, although he was a bit more quiet about it.

It was clear that Will was slowly developing into a bit of a wild thing, maybe even different from how he used to be before the war. Will was wild, but not uncontrollable and he seemed to be picking and choosing the fronts he put out in public. He was manipulative without even knowing that he was, a fighter.

Hannibal left for a few seconds, but when he came back, Will was being surrounded by other alphas. His eyes were glowing slightly and his wings were raised defensively, his eyes scanning the room most likely for him.

"Come on, pretty boy," the demon closest to him snarled. Hannibal felt like he was seeing red for a moment but immediately got himself under control and walked up to the group.

"Where's your master? You're not supposed to be alone," the other, the tallest commanded. A whole group of alphas were never good in either species, and it always meant something bad was going to happen.

"None of your business," Will huffed defiantly. That wasn't a smart idea on his side, but it also wasn't smart for the taller alpha with Hannibal coming behind them. The moment he touched Will, Hannibal darted forward and grabbed onto his arm. His tail slid around Will's waist possessively. They were two against four, but Will also seemed to be a lot more bold with Hannibal there despite them being outnumbered.

"Who-"

"Don't touch my angel," Hannibal said calmly, watching the four demons carefully. Some of the people looking from the outside looked nervous. No one liked it when alphas started a stare down -angel or not.

"Oh, so he's yours?" The shorter alpha in the back said, his scarred face a bit arrogant for Hannibal's liking. "He's been well treated, don't ya think boys?" He asked the group and it

was clear that he was the one who led the group. Will stiffened behind Hannibal, and he was aware that now was not the time for Will start sinking into those pessimistic thoughts of his.

"Indeed he is. I don't tolerate any type of rudeness or uncleanliness. What is it to you how I treat my angel?" Hannibal demanded, his alpha voice making the other four growl angrily. The smaller demon stood up to Hannibal, his tail thumping on the ground. His horns were shorter but his tail had no fluff at the end of it like Hannibal's did.

"I don't like your tone with me," the demon hissed out, stepping forward to Hannibal. His aggressive form made Will angry and without thinking, he unfurled his wings and puffed out the feathers, letting them loom over Hannibal possessively. Some of the angels with their masters walking by looked shocked at the stance he as in, although it terrified the four demons.

Hannibal let go of the taller demon's wrist, looking to Will and then to the other demons and how they backed off. It was clear they were not used to outright defiance from an angel, but not only that, when he studied the passerby angels' expressions, he was getting the sense that this wasn't a normal stance.

When he got the smell of an alpha protecting his mate, he did a double take before realising that Will was protecting *him.* His instincts told him to run, and the other demons clearly gave in, yelling profanities at them and slurs before disappearing. Will's wings lowered, but his expression didn't change from that angered and protective look -he was making sure that everyone knew Hannibal was his.

He hummed in amusement, walking forward and letting the fluffy end of his tail brush up against Will's side. Will shivered slightly before looking down. "Sorry, Hannibal," Will said, "I'm sure you could have handled that yourself, but they were getting annoying." Hannibal chuckled.

"It's fine, Will. I'm not sure they would have ran from me without a fight, and maybe they wouldn't you either had you not gotten protective," Hannibal said. Will tilted his head as if he'd not noticed he had been protecting Hannibal as if he would a mate. "You heard what they said to me when they left, Will. You were protecting me as if you would have protected a mate,"

"I-" Will's ears turned pink and his wings were pressed closer to his back. "I didn't mean to!" Will said.

Hannibal thought his reaction was odd and decided he would try to figure out what it was later. But the next few days proved very difficult as Will had started to close himself off, only speaking when spoken to. The week flew by very quickly and by the time they went back to Hannibal's home, Ezekiel was out of heat and acting normal again, but it still smelled like an omega in heat.

It went back to how it was shortly after, the only exception was that Will didn't talk to Hannibal. Although he did continue to get into fights with Ezekiel.

"Did he fuck you, Will?" Ezekiel snorted, referring to the mating mark on his shoulder. Will growled, his wings fluffing out.

"No-"

"I bet you let him to, like an omega in heat,"

"No-"

"You're disgusting,"

"Okay,"

"And so is he," Ezekiel snorted, not expecting Will to tackle into him and grab him by the throat. He opened his eyes to pain and when he looked to Will, he had bared fangs and angry glowing eyes and scoffed despite his instincts telling him to submit. "You're really going to defend him, aren't you? You disgust me—" the door opens, "—two alphas together are disgusting!"

When they saw Hannibal out of the corner of their eyes, they stopped fighting and Will dropped the angel roughly on the ground, making him fall on his ass. Ezekiel looked startled and Will looked blank, as if he would have done something rash had Hannibal not walked in.

But then that goes to the question on what they were even talking about before. When Hannibal walked in, he definitely heard what Ezekiel said, but he wondered how that angered Will. Then, he saw the bloodied mess on the side of Ezekiel's neck and frowned.

"What happened?" Hannibal demanded.

"Yeah why don't you explain what you did, Will?" Ezekiel spat.

"Nothing," Will growled, the warning clearly aimed at Ezekiel.

"Both of you get over here now, don't even look at each other," Hannibal demanded, the alpha tone sending shivers down Will's spine and making Ezekiel's remaining wing fluff out. "Ezekiel, explain,"

"He bit me," Ezekiel said, his voice shaking out of fear. Will's eyes flashed for a brief second and Hannibal thumped his tail in warning.

"Is there a reason he bit you?" Hannibal asked, tilting his head only slightly. Will looked away and so did Ezekiel, the both of them not wanting to admit what they were arguing about- although Ezekiel was closer to telling him than Will was. "Will? Why did you bite him," it wasn't a question, it was a demand.

"He was...-"

"I insulted you," Ezekiel scowled. Hannibal was going to reprimand Ezekiel for interrupting, but what Ezekiel said next made him angry. "I told him that two alphas together were

disgusting, which it *is*. He's like an omega, taking knots and letting another alpha fuck him. It's-" before Hannibal could do anything, Will broke.

Ezekiel was pinned to the wall, Will's fangs hovering over the omega's neck. "You think I let them do that?" Will demanded. Hannibal grabbed Will and pulled him off of Ezekiel, surprised at how much more powerful Will was than the last time they fought. "I don't let them do *anything* to me. If you want me to act like an alpha, I'll show you an alpha, *feathers,*" Ezekiel didn't like that name, and it was clear why.

Will's alpha voice was angry and demanding, his glowing eyes were dim and his wings were pushing against Hannibal. "Will, calm down," Hannibal said, his voice urgent.

"No, he wants me to be an alpha, then he'll get one," Will hissed out. "Get on your knees, *omega,*" his voice was cruel and Ezekiel immediately obeyed, quivering in fear. Hannibal had never heard such a voice come from Will, almost tempted to obey as well to see what Will would do to him.

Backing away, Hannibal sucked in a breath. "Both of you stop right now," Hannibal growled. "I *will* punish you, and you don't want to be punished," he threatened, fully meaning to go through with it. Both of them froze and turned towards him, Will's bright blue eyes making him feel a bit lightheaded.

Will didn't say anything, but he did back down and Hannibal started to feel the relief of Will's scent weakening. The other angel still on his knees got up, not meeting either of their eyes and muttering profanities. It was clear that he'd bitten off more than he could chew when he picked a fight with Will, but the angel's pride got in the way of him apologising.

On the other hand, he was now beginning to understand why Will wasn't looking at him and it was probably because he was ashamed. He was sure this was happening because Ezekiel had seen the mark and started to taunt him, and an alpha's pride was everything they had (if you'd gone through what Will had).

The angel's wings folded inwards and he sucked in a breath before looking over to Hannibal. There was no indication that he'd been angry a few moments ago, but he'd definitely gone into some place within his head. He was agitated and fidgety and his fingers were twitching at his side. If he hadn't come home, Ezekiel most likely wouldn't be here.

"I don't want to see this again, if I do, I won't just be punishing one of you, but both of you," Hannibal said. "I have no use for grown men acting like children when one of them gets their feelings hurt," he said coldly. "Ezekiel, come with me," he gestured for Ezekiel to follow and Will raised his head in confusion.

Hannibal disappeared with Ezekiel and Will finally stopped tingling. The omega was too much for his nerves and he could barely handle the little shit. Will wasn't sure what he had been about to do, but he was reacting on instinct and impulse.

Ezekiel had looked so small and pathetic that he wanted to break him and fuck him until he was screaming. That wasn't something Will was used to thinking of, but he'd just gotten

angry. He *wasn't* an omega, he was an aloha and he should be treated like one, not an omega spreading his legs and begging for dick to sate his heat.

He'd been degraded for too long and by every other alpha and he wasn't planning on sitting around and taking it anymore, especially not from an omega. Once he calmed down, he could feel a burn where Hannibal had touched him, sighing to himself.

Then there was the Hannibal problem, something that made him feel less like an alpha and more like what Ezekiel told him he acted like. Ever since being marked by Hannibal, or reacting on his desires and instinct to protect Hannibal like a mate, he hadn't been okay. All he wanted to do was to forget about what he knew he felt for Hannibal, ho wrong the situation was.

Even if they were not both alphas, there was still the case of that darkness inside of Hannibal. The one inside of Will as well, his inner monster trying to escape and connect with Hannibal, the one that found him a suitable mate.

Will suck up to his room, licking his lips nervously. He wondered if he'd get called down to see Hannibal next and also wondered what he was doing to Ezekiel.

He sat down on his bed, remembering their other fight from earlier on in the day. Ezekiel had actually bruised his side, but he guessed it didn't matter since it was over now.

Hannibal was going to be disappointed in him, and he hated the idea of being punished by Hannibal. It scared him, but at the same time he guessed it should have already happened by now. He fell asleep, but his dreams were vivid and angry.

Will still didn't talk to Hannibal, choosing to read books instead -although he really didn't read them, he spaced out and thought about Hannibal and his feelings towards Hannibal. He didn't think it was good to get too close to Hannibal anyway because they were about to make it a law that every two years, the angels would be swapped up to a different demon owner.

If that happened, he wasn't sure what he'd do after being treated so well by Hannibal for so long. Hannibal was all that was on his mind and Will was having difficulties even looking at him lately. His rut was coming up soon and he was worried on what would happen then, but he knew one thing. Even during his rut, he'd be thinking of Hannibal with how his dreams were progressing.

Every night he as imagining being dominated by Hannibal or dominating Hannibal himself, and both were pleasing thoughts to him. One thing that annoyed him was how Ezekiel acted towards Hannibal -mostly on purpose to annoy Will.

Now, every time he saw Ezekiel flirting with Hannibal just to piss him off, he'd feel his teeth hurting to sink into the omega's smooth flesh to harm him. It just went unnoticed by Hannibal because he wasn't educated in angel's courting their mates, especially omegas.

The only thing that bothered Will more, was Hannibal attempting to find out what was bothering him. If he wanted to talk about it, he would have said something sooner or maybe

not have put the idea in his mind the first place. He didn't want to talk and Hannibal was pestering and manipulative, Ezekiel was annoying and doing things to purposefully piss him off and he hated it.

The next few days was growing closer to Will's rut and he'd could feel it in the things people did that made him agitated, along with the way he found himself wanting to lean to *Ezekiel* of all people for comfort. His heart and brain had a different idea than his instincts, though, and he found himself even more attracted to Hannibal than he normally was, his eyes following Hannibal as he moved around the house,

But Hannibal had felt the stares from Will, not questioning him but also not sure what it as that he wanted. It was clear enough that Will was about to start his rut, but there wasn't a readable emotion in the stare that Will gave except for hunger -how a predator looks at prey before they strike.

It wasn't just Hannibal who had noticed, *Ezekiel* was beginning to feel uncomfortable around the alpha. Their was resistance coming from Will, and Hannibal knew that it wasn't healthy. His rut was probably late, and it was probably from whatever was eating Will up inside, but he was also becoming a lot more agitated. Will wasn't feeling up to anything he normally was, and he also didn't help Hannibal cook dinner or breakfast as often as he normally did. When they cooked, it was silent except for the tension surrounding Will.

"Will," Hannibal said, noticing how Will flinched at the sound of his name. "Is everything alright?" Will looked up at him with those bright blue eyes and he nearly froze at how dilated Will's eyes were. He rut was late and he should have had it already but it seemed that Will was either denying it or really just hasn't had it happen yet.

"It's fine," He replied shortly, shrugging his shoulders. Hannibal didn't believe him, and Will didn't even look convinced of what he was saying himself, his brows furrowed in that same worried and thoughtful look he'd had for the past three weeks. "I think," he added, turning away and Hannibal was sure he'd been on the same page for the past three weeks.

"You've been on the same page for three weeks, I'm sure you're not even reading it," Hannibal pointed out, earning an annoyed huff from Will. When Will looked back around to him, his expression was annoyed.

"Well, I wouldn't be stuck on the same page if someone wasn't annoying me right now," Will huffed, surprising Hannibal. He hadn't even spoken to Will since he'd been adamant about being left alone, and now Will was saying that Hannibal or Ezekiel -or both- were annoying him. He would have asked how, but then it clicked in his mind that whatever Will was thinking about had to be about him or Ezekiel.

"You should at least get out of the house, or go flying like you normally do. You're moping around quietly and reading the same page -maybe even the same word- for as long as you can while you think of something else," Hannibal pointed out.

Will opened his mouth, gaping up at Hannibal and darting his tongue out to wet his lips. The action caught Hannibal off guard for a second, focusing on his lips before forcing himself to

look at Will's eyes instead. Something about Will was different than before, alluring to him even. He licked his lips, curious about what Will as thinking.

There was a look of lust deep in those eyes, and Hannibal knew he wasn't seeing things with that predatory look in Will's eyes. Maybe he should tease him about it subtly later, but he found it interesting.

"I'm not in the mood," Will said, averting his eyes and staring at something else. "I'm going to go to my room," Will ended, getting up and closing his book. Hannibal narrowed his eyes at Will, not amused at the situation.

Will was avoiding him and only him because he still got into fights with Ezekiel and even that was happening less and less. Ezekiel was starting to back down and Will was receding further inside of himself and not letting anyone see what was really going on inside of the pretty head of his.

It was frustrating when Hannibal didn't know something, and when he asked Ezekiel, he only received a cruel laugh from the angel and a taunt. He was beginning to see why Will got so angry all the time. The other angel knew how to get inside of people's heads, but he was also hoping that Ezekiel hadn't said something that startled Will into whatever it was he was thinking about.

Ezekiel was clearly aware of what was bothering Will, enough to tease Hannibal about it outright and slander Will. Even still, he didn't know whether or not he would be able to get through to Will after all.

Once Will was in his room, he shut the door and put the book away. Hannibal was right, he *had* been on the same page for the past three weeks and he hadn't even bothered to notice nor flip the page. He was starting to wonder why the book wasn't progressing any further, and it was because he kept reading the page over and over to the point where he could read every word and then read it backwards without any problems and errors.

He was starting to feel restless each day, and his rut hadn't come at all. It was late and he wasn't sure why, but it was like the first time when he hadn't gotten his rut at all when he was with Mason Verger. He was aware of what stress could do to him having ruts, and he didn't even know that he was stressed out.

Just a few moments ago when he was outside of the room with Hannibal, he was sure that he'd seen Hannibal staring at him almost predator like for a split second. It had caught him off guard and tempted him to claim Hannibal right then and there, but he didn't out of fear.

It was wrong for him to even think about Hannibal in that way, let alone the fact that he was a demon and would most likely be looked down upon for it. His attraction to the alpha was illegal in almost every single country except for four, and he was sure there was something wrong with him for it. Not even gay marriage was that taboo, and he was starting even wish he was at least a beta.

His heart constricted in his chest and he sighed, curling his wings around himself and staring off into the darkness outside of the window. Will couldn't feel anything but numb at the

moment, trying to regain his thoughts and courage to actually go back outside of his room, but he just couldn't.

Will fell asleep curled up on his bed, so he never saw when Hannibal came to check up on him for a brief second. Although, he did imagine it in his sleep, an ominous figure standing above him like a monster, darkness projecting over him bigger than ever before.

It was what he found himself scared of, afraid that it would consume him and he'd never know until it was too late. He just wasn't sure what would consume him first, the darkness or the infatuation. Maybe even a little bit of both at the same time.

When he woke up the next day, he ate breakfast and then decided he was going to go out for a fly. That was before he could react to Hannibal's scent drawing closer to him, so he didn't expect Hannibal to be right behind him when he turned around.

"Shit!" Will cursed, jumping and nearly tumbling backwards. Hannibal's reddish brown eyes bore into his, making his heart skip a beat and he had to control his own instincts from jumping Hannibal and claiming him. "Sorry, you scared me," he avoided Hannibal's eyes once again.

"I wanted to know if you'd come with me today. I have to pick up some more food," Hannibal said, and Will realised he'd never seen him buy meat from the store even though he was always cooking with meat. Will gave him a suspicious glare. "You should get a break from the house. Even Ezekiel's gotten a break, you've been trapped inside,"

"I was just about to go flying," Will said, his wings neatly folded behind him. Where his wings should be groomed, the feathers were messy and out of place, showing that Will had not even bothered to groom his wings. Under Hannibal's stare, he felt maybe even a little trapped and ended up agreeing to go with him. "Fine, fuck it. I'll go," he sighed, his wings quivering behind him nervously.

Hannibal wanted to suggest helping Will with his wings, but with Will so deep in thought, he didn't think Will would even answer him. Then again, he wasn't sure Will would let himself be touched by anyone with the mood he'd been in recently. He felt slightly annoyed at the thought of being shut out by Will, but he didn't say anything more on the matter and didn't ask Will what was wrong.

They passed by Ezekiel and the other angel smirked at Will, his eyes shining with malice and disgust. It looked more like a sneer than a smirk, but he only watched to see Will's reaction at what the angel as about to say.

"You really are dicking around with him, then. Wonder what it's like to be in lo-" Will brushed past the angel, knocking him down and shooting the omega a glare.

"You should really learn your place, omega," Will said, finally having enough and pulling rank. He turned to Hannibal, exhausted, "we going to go?"

"Of course," Hannibal nearly purred. Now he had a suspicion that he knew what was going on between the two angels, and maybe even what was going on inside of Will's head, since he

didn't like to say anything to anyone about hat was bothering him. It as clear it was about himself, but he wasn't sure what part.

Whatever was on Will's mind had to be about Hannibal, otherwise Ezekiel wouldn't be teasing him nonstop and Will wouldn't get so mad about it. When he really thought about it, Will had been different after he'd pointed out that Will had been protecting him like he would a mate. Maybe it was even because of the bite mark (the one that had faded by now).

Hannibal thought about the mark and his fangs hurt to bite into Will again, to taste the blood pooling out of the wound, to *comfort* him and show him that it wasn't all bad. He wasn't sure about Will, what Will wanted, but he also knew he wasn't done in moulding Will into what he wanted.

He could see Will becoming something more than what he was since arriving and Hannibal was becoming impatient. Ezekiel was unexpected, but he was also aiding in shaping Will, and soon Ezekiel would feel both of them; the pesky omega would be the key to unlocking the monster inside of Will, and then it would be all his. Will would be *his* and only his and Hannibal couldn't wait.

It was obvious that Will saw more than he let Hannibal know that he saw. The darkness inside of Hannibal that Will had mentioned only once was enough for Hannibal to back off and gently pressure from the sides instead of using his usual tactics of deceit. Will was smart, too smart for Hannibal to treat him like he usually did his other victims, except Will wasn't a victim, Will would become one of him -already has.

Will's potential was delicious, but he wanted Will to *know* him and *understand* what he does. He was already so close to having Will understand him, so close to seeing Will awake into something new.

"You've been a lot more rough on Ezekiel than usual," Hannibal commented, studying Will to see what he would do. The only thing Will did was shrug his shoulders, making Hannibal frown. "I feel like I'm missing something in your arguments with him. It's clear that the both of you despise each other, but it's not clear on what Ezekiel is so determined to make you feel guilty over," he added, his eyes narrowing at Will. He wanted the answer Will was refusing to give to him, and he didn't like it in the slightest.

"Hannibal, please," Will's voice was close to demanding at this point. "I don't want to talk about it," but they both knew it was a lie. The tension was only created between him and Hannibal, and not the two that were fighting and arguing.

"I'm not dropping this until you explain what it is that is upsetting you. Have I done something?" Hannibal questioned. Will knew that Hannibal was catching on to their conversations because Ezekiel was getting a whole lot more bold about it.

He was almost tempted to kill the omega so that it would just stop, but he knew that he couldn't do that. Will was not going to go so far as to kill an angel, no matter how much he deserved it. Last time, he almost lost himself and this time it wouldn't happen again.

Will's shoulders slumped and he finally gave in, giving Hannibal a pleading look. He wasn't going to tell him everything, maybe just a small portion of the truth because he wasn't ready to even admit it to himself.

"The mark on my shoulder, and even before that. Ezekiel thinks I'm letting you fuck me, that I'm letting you mate me," Will said, and Hannibal could tell from his posture that it wasn't all of it. "He thinks its disgusting and he never lets me explain that I'm not- that... He never lets me explain that his assumptions have never happened," whatever he was going to say, Hannibal could feel the implication. Whatever Ezekiel says really has an affect of Will, but it wouldn't have an affect is something about whatever Ezekiel said wasn't true.

Hannibal now knew why Ezekiel had been dropping subtle hints to Hannibal and openly flirting with him when Will was around. He touched his fangs with his tongue, the idea of Will and him together almost too desirable. Except, he knew Will wouldn't be okay with that. "I'm sure if it was even possible, you wouldn't just let me do what I want. It's probably quite the opposite. You'd be having your way with *me,*" and the implications of the sentence sent shivers down Will's spine.

He was imagining Hannibal under him, and he wanted to curse Hannibal for even suggesting it. It made him wonder how Hannibal thought of him, what Hannibal wanted to do with him.

Would Hannibal let him fuck him, or would he take Will for himself. He was excited at the thought, but he had to push those thoughts out of his head so he didn't get too carried away.

The smell of Will's arousal made Hannibal curious as to where his mind was wondering. It was gone almost as soon as it appeared, but he was sure that Will just pushing thoughts around his head. Maybe he could control his reactions, but Hannibal ended up catching it anyway.

"That's only if you'd let me," Will scoffed. "It's not going to happen anyway. Of course, you still go through your ruts but that doesn't mean you'd feel any desire to fuck another alpha or be fucked by another alpha," but he was wrong. Hannibal hid the smallest smirk on his face.

"Do you know that for certain, Will?" Hannibal questioned, loving the way he paused in thoughts. A confused expression crossed his face, and he seemed to be considering something before shaking his head.

"I don't," Will said, his voice slightly shaky. "But even if you don't mind getting with an alpha why would you get with an angel? Or..." *why me,* is what he wanted to add. Hannibal caught on to it anyway, scowling at Will.

There was nothing more frustrating than Will thinking he wasn't worth anything, and he wondered where the idea had come from. It sounded like a genuine insecurity, like how he used to back down when another shouted an order at him.

Will carried the groceries, insisting that he should be the one to do it while Hannibal stocked up on food for dinner later. He was mostly quiet again, not responding to any of the questions that Hannibal threw at him. If he did respond it was short and brief and he wasn't too interested in keeping the conversation going.

When they got back, Will looked to the sky almost in longing. Hannibal watched as Will walked inside with bags in his hand, bypassing Ezekiel. Neither said a word to each other and surprisingly enough, Ezekiel didn't say anything to him and just kept his head down.

Hannibal helped anyway despite Will's protests that he could do it himself, and he would have let him if he hadn't considered it rude to let Will do it all by himself. They were still tense and didn't exactly work well together, especially when Will was constantly trying to distance himself from Hannibal and getting irritated with him.

"Do you want me to help?" Ezekiel asks, and Hannibal knows its the wrong question to ask. So when Will opens his mouth to speak, he butts in before any slurs can be uttered.

"No, we've got it, but thank you," Hannibal says, ignoring the frustrated look on Will's face as he brushed past the omega with the last of the bags. The last thing he needed was another fight between the two angels over something this petty. Both of them had been getting petulant with each other and it was almost annoying how they didn't want to stop fighting long enough to do something important.

Will hides away in his room again, but this time he can hardly stop thinking about the way Hannibal would feel under him. He's scared, but he can't keep denying what he already knows.

He was falling in love with Hannibal, even knowing that the two of them could never happen. How much more stupid could he be?

Hannibal was a demon and he was an angel, and not only were they of opposite species, but they were both alphas. Still, he couldn't stop thinking about what Hannibal had said to him about other alphas. It made him hopeful that something could happen between them when he knew there wouldn't be anything.

Will takes a shower, grooms his wings, and then dresses into something nice. He was going to help Hannibal with dinner like he usually did and hopefully try to ignore the feelings of loneliness stabbing into his heart. He as almost tempted to end Ezekiel before he could say anything, but he couldn't go that far, could he?

He shook the thought out of his mind and walked out the door, shutting it behind him.

Chapter End Notes

Yeah, it took me a while to figure out how to close this chapter. Now, I am thinking on whether or not I will make another one to this or not. Leave it off here like an arse or uh... make another one? I mean, I have one started, I just really do not know where to get going with it. :C Let me know if I should go ahead and make another one!

End Notes

Uh, I hope this was satisfying for you! The other chapter is still being worked on. I am trying to take my time this time so that I make sure to get everything as good as I can! I hope you enjoyed this.

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